THE WOMEN'S MISSIONARY MAGAZINE

—OF—

THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

VOL. 10. APRIL, 1897. No. 9

THE JAMA', OR JUMA', MASJID OF DELHI, INDIA.

MISS C. E. WILSON.

THIS is the finest Mohammedan mosque in India, and said to be the most beautiful in the East. Writers differ as to the name Jama' or Juma'—in Arabic the vowel is not determined; and in meaning both terms are applicable. The former would mean the assembly-mosque and the latter the Friday-mosque. It is seldom used except on Friday, and then almost the whole city—the male population—assemble in it for afternoon prayer It is entered by three elaborated gateways, after climbing a lengthy stairway which is built up of red sandstone on three sides. The position is high and commanding, between the fort and the city.

The platform on which this mosque is situated is 450 feet square, with a wall extending around three sides and with inner cloisters, the fourth side forming the back of the mosque. The court thus formed is paved with red sandstone slabs, and the mosque with marble slabs just large enough for one worshiper to kneel on. In front of the mosque, near the center of the court, is a tank filled with water for ablutions. The domes and arches form a beautiful canopy of rich fresco work, and the walls and pillars are of pure marble. In the middle of the back wall is a deeply curved archway, called the Kibla, where the leader of the assembly stands with his back to the audience during prayers, and they are expected to imitate him.

At one side of this recess stands the pulpit, an elevated marble platform ascended by steps, on which the Imam, or leader, sits to preach to the people or expound the Koran. A small portion of this mosque is screened off with marble for the women of high rank to pray in. Those of lower rank remain in the gateway opposite the mosque. One thousand or more worshipers can be accommodated there.

When my sister and I visited it last March, we entered by the gateway, prominent in the picture, and found some priests lounging there waiting for alms. A young Mohammedan servant who was with us was rudely ordered, before he entered the court, to remove his shoes, but they did not dare to make the same demand of us, and we were allowed to go freely all over the place.

In one of the farther cloisters we

found one of the priests exhibiting relics which he had closely screened. He showed us a piece of an ancient copy of the Koran, a slipper worn by Mohammed and a stone bearing the impress of his foot—so he said, and he would have shown more if he had any assurance of being paid for it. The large dome of the mosque was under repair, having been lately struck with lightning and badly injured. After viewing the inside we asked to ascend one of the two large minarets, and two little boys led us up through a stairway in the gateway, and over the roof of the cloisters, till we reached the minaret, and then we ascended it by an inner spiral stairway. Being 130 feet high it made us dizzy to look down, but we had a splendid view, from the top, of the city of Delhi, the fort and ruins, which extend 16 miles beyond.

Xenia, O.

EDUCATION AMONG THE MOUNTAIN WHITES OF APPALACHIAN AMERICA.

MRS. HENRIETTA E. BUCK, MORNING SUN, OHIO.

Well may we be proud of our system of free public schools. Aside from the advantage of becoming an educated people, no secular public institution does more to break down caste and place rich and poor upon the same level than that of mental endowment. Our schools are surely helping to bring an answer to one phase of our Master's prayer, "That they all may be one." When we plant the cross of Christ among a people, we place beside it the school, to enable them to understand the knowledge pertaining to the cross. In our South-land today, dwelling in the mountain chains south of Pennsylvania, there are 2,500,00 white people who need the school to enlighten them through God's own Word. Not one fifth of this number can either read or write. They are a poor people, bitterly poor, living in log huts without windows, making a living by raising small patches of corn on the rugged mountain sides, handling almost no money, ignorant beyond belief. Child marriages are the rule, not exception, and among the lowest class outdoor labor is done by the women and girls.

These mountaineers must not be confused with the "poor whites," who are shiftless and lazy, made so by long years of competition with slave labor. Two of the three classes of Highlanders are sturdy Americans. Many of them are the descendants of good British stock who won honor in the revolutionary war. Their family names, physical, mental and moral characteristics, and family traditions, prove that they are of Scotch-Irish descent. They were intensely loyal to the Union in our civil war. "They held Kentucky in the Union, made West Virginia secede from secession, and put 150,000 fighting men in the loyal armies." They were in the central battle ground, knew the need, and had such intense abhorrence of slavery and love for their country that they did not wait to be drafted into the army. One hundred years of isolated living in this pioneer condition, without schools and with only a few weak churches, has borne sad fruitage. Dr. Mayo says that, "not only the destiny of the negro race, but the prosperity of the whole country is involved in the fit educational training of these people." Pres. Frost, of Berea, Ky., College, calls them "God's reserve

forces." Prof. Rogers, of the same college, was the first to call public attention to them.

Before the war the South was without a system of free public schools for the masses. Education, acquired by means of public money, was considered an arrangement for paupers only. Co-education was not sanctioned. After the war the country was so impoverished and demoralized that provision for the education of her white and black population seemed impossible. There was a little money for school houses and teachers, and but few teachers to fill the positions. These South Atlantic states did nobly, and just here "God's reserve forces" came to the front, for it is said of them: "Some of the mountain counties took to it at once with a vigor and zest that shamed the more cultivated section of the commonwealth." The pioneer work for the free public school was a difficult undertaking. Such wise men as Dr. W. H. Rufner were placed at the helm, and to-day it is asserted that the South, in proportion to her assessed valuation, is doing as much as the North for support of her public schools. For lack of money and trained teachers, the few mountain state schools are very inferior. The mountain districts share in the school fund raised by taxation. But the average school session in these South Atlantic states for last year was only about four months. It is plainly evident that the cities and more prosperous country districts receive almost all the benefit. The mountaineers are not able for, or educated up to the point of, special taxation for school purposes. The Presbyterian, Congregational and Methodist Episcopal churches are doing much to educate and preach Christ to the mountain people. It touches the coldest heart with missonary fire to read the reports of their missionaries.

But with all the effort made by states and churches, it is stated that "only 3,000 out of the 300,000 young people of school age are in school." Every Board is pleading for money and teachers. The people are often eager to turn over their public school funds to help establish schools. There is danger in some places of the invasion of parochial schools. Where Christian schools have been organized the people take advanced ground upon all the moral questions of the day. While eager now for education, and anxious for enlightened Gospel privileges, they are proud, independent and sensitive, and will not bear to be treated as beggars or heathen. A personal friend who lived among them writes of how cautiously they must be approached. A missionary teacher among them says: "We must save and educate the girls if we accomplish much good." Few are like Uncle Mish, a Kentucky mountaineer, who says, if he could not educate both boy and girl, he would educate the girl; for "what on the top of God's green arth will a girl's home be if she hasn't any larnin." When urged to let the children enter school the reply is often made: "We uns got along powerful well enough before you uns come with your skewl teachers and screechin' engins." The advantage is soon realized, and they willingly make any sacrifice to obtain an education.

These mountains, rich in mines of coal and iron, and abounding in valuable timber, are awaiting development from outside. The mountain white men refuse to enter the mines. As the railroad lines are extended up the mountain sides, they carry the saloon and a class of men who develop the mines and the saloon too. The gospel messenger hangs on by one hand to the last car (so to speak). What chance does he have to pre-empt the mountain people for God? The

Christian school and church must go in advance. All honor to the South, struggling so nobly to educate her people; but the North, through the church and Christian schools, needs to clasp the hands of God's reserve forces as they stand in the breach between us. Why? "We be brethren."

FIRST AND LAST.

"MOST there now!" A girl, who had been traveling wearily down the road, paused, as a square, many-windowed building stood revealed in the noon sunlight. She was dusty and travel-worn, but her dull face brightened as she caught sight of the Mission school which was her goal. She shook the dust from her faded dress, straightened the sunbonnet upon her head, and sat down upon a stone by the wayside to put upon her bare feet a pair of well worn shoes, which she had prudently carried in her bundle lest the journey should prove too much for their endurance.

"I'm most there now," she repeated, as if there were many things in the past which that comforting assurance atoned for. Then, her efforts at making herself presentable being completed, she hastened forward again.

Her pleasure, unfortunately, was not shared by those in the building. A teacher, standing at an upper window, watched the approaching figure curiously at first, then with a growing recognition that brought a look of trouble into her eyes. She hurriedly called to a lady who was passing through the hall:

"Miss Grey, will you come here a moment, please? I believe that is 'Cretia."

"Oh, I hope not!" was answered earnestly, but, after a minute's careful scrutiny the added words came slowly, "Yes—it is."

The two teachers looked at each other in dismay, and the eyes of the first speaker filled with tears.

"She is coming back, poor child! And we can do nothing for her now. We are crowded almost beyond endurance, and we cannot take another."

'Cretia had been with them the previous year, painstaking but dull—a slow plodding girl who could not be considered a very promising pupil. She was penniless, with no friends to aid her, and as it must be all charity, the teacher had sometimes questioned anxiously whether they were justified in using the church's money upon one from whom they expected no higher return of usefulness. Such questions of economy seem awful when they relate to souls, but funds and room were limited, and even mission teachers cannot compass the impossible. So it had been in some measure a relief that 'Cretia did not return after the summer vacation.

Three weeks of the term had passed and she had almost dropped out of mind. Now, here she was again, bundle in hand.

"I done—I hev come back, Miss Mary," she said, making a sudden effort to correct her language, as the familiar atmosphere of the school brought back

a remembrance of its teachings—"I didn't git yere at first, cause—*be*cause I staid to earn some more money. Laws, but I worked hard all vacation! Yere 'tis Miss Mary—twelve dollars."

She was untying a knot in an old handkerchief to exhibit her little hoard, and her fingers trembled with excitement. "'Taint noways right to have all you'ns—you—gimme everything, an' I 'arned this."

The teacher's eyes had grown misty again. Well she knew how few chances of employment these girls had and how small a pittance the most toilsome labor would bring. She knew, too, the pressing needs of the daily life, and all the hardship and self-denial these savings represented. Her voice trembled as she spoke.

"But, 'Cretia, dear girl, we didn't know you were coming, we haven't any room for you now. I can't tell you how sorry I am to say it, but we have no place left."

'Cretia smiled contentedly.

"Oh, 'twont take much room for me. I reckoned you be about full. Anywhere's 'll do."

"But, child, there is no 'anywhere'—no place at all where I can put you. We are more than full," urged Miss Mary reluctantly. The admission of the last two pupils had been a case of heart against judgment, and the building had been crowded to its utmost limit.

Still 'Cretia smiled her slow smile. She had learned to look upon Miss Mary as a being who could plan a way out of any dilemma—one to whom everything was possible. But, when at last she understood, the light vanished from her eyes. She did not cry, nor utter any protest. A grey pallor crept over her face, she nervously fingered the faded folds of her dress, and then in a dazed, bewildered way tied up the earnings that had so failed of their purpose, and gathered up her bundle.

"Do not go yet, 'Cretia, stop and rest awhile and have some dinner," urged the teacher kindly.

But the girl shook her head.

"'Pears like I aint't hungry, Miss Mary. I kin git back to ma'am Swanzy's by night. I reckon I'll stay there till mornin', its nearder home."

She did not say she could not bear the pain of seeing others in the place she had thought was hers; that the merry voices that reached her from the halls and stairways were intolerable. She did not even consciously think it; she only knew that she wanted to get away and be alone.

The teacher dimly comprehended, and, remorseful for the grief she could not prevent, again explained how powerless she was to do otherwise, and once more expressed her own keen regrets.

"I cannot tell you how sorry I am, 'Cretia, but you see I cannot help it."

"I ain't noways blamin' nobody, Miss Mary. I 'low I'd better be goin'; its mighty fur to walk."

The unconscious dropping into old expressions told how completely she felt herself barred out from new hopes and aspirations. Miss Grey watched the drooping young figure trudge away down the lonely road—away from the help and hope for which it had striven so bravely. Then she saw Miss Mary with tearful eyes pass silently to her room. Miss Grey's black eyes were not tearful, they were flashing.

"How I wish," she said emphatically, I could transport those two big heartaches into the middle of some great, rich church at the North. Yes: I do.

'Cretia walked steadily on until a turn in the road had hidden her from observation and a strip of desolate woodland shut her in. Then she threw herself

down beside a great tree, and bowed her head on her folded arms against its gnarled roots. It was late in the afternoon of the following day when with weary, lagging footsteps she reached her home—a little cabin in the valley. The door stood open, revealing the dancing flames in a wide fireplace, and the figure of a woman silhouetted against it as she gazed at something on the hearth. She turned at the sound of 'Cretia's step, but though she must have felt surprise at the girl's unexpected appearance she did not express it.

"Yer back ag'n, Creshy?"

"Mammy, they could'nt take me, the school was plumb full."

There was a little catch in 'Cretia's breath as she spoke. Her eyes were sad and heavy, her whole bearing weary and dejected. The mother's eyes saw it all in one quick scrutinizing glance, but she made no comment. Language, like everything else, was scant and poor. She had never been able, indeed, to fully understand her daughter's awakening aspirations. After one year in school 'Cretia had seemed to her a marvel whose acquirements she viewed with mingled pride and awe, and she could not in the least comprehend what the girl wanted of "more larnin'." She had not opposed her wishing and working, however, had even helped her after a fashion, but she did not know how to offer sympathy now.

"'Twas a pow'rful long tromp fur nothin'," she said. Then after a moment, with a little motherly resentment against something or somebody she adeed: "'Pears like they might 'a waited fur ye."

That was all. She busied herself with stirring up a cake of cornmeal and water; putting it on a board, and setting it up in front of the fire to bake. Then she fried a bit of bacon, and the evening meal was complete. It was eaten almost in silence, but afterwards, sitting in the firelight with her Bible on her knee, 'Cretia found comfort. She came in her slow reading to the account of the beautiful city with its welcoming gates on every side; its gates that are not shut at all by day; its life-giving waters of which whosoever will may drink.

"Nobody'll hev to be crowded out there; it'll never be too full for them that wants to come," she said, "an' everybody that's heard is to tell 'em to come. I reckon I might do that yet."

To learn enough to help others had been the object of her newly awakened ambition, and the thought that such help might still in some small way be in her power came with wondrous healing to the sore young heart. Through much of the night she lay open-eyed, her slow brain gradually shaping its desire into a plan.

The money she had so toilfully earned seemed too precious for any common use. She looked at it wistfully next morning.

"'Pears like I want to get something like school out'n it someways, for somebody," she said.

The mother could not understand the feeling, but despite all limitations the germ of true motherhood was hidden somewhere in her silent nature, for she said not one word of pressing needs; she only answered briefly:

"I 'low ye can do what ye like 'Creshy."

A small, half-ruined cabin was secured, some rude benches put up by the unskilled hands of a half-grown boy, a few children of widely varying ages were gathered in, and so the little school began. But even with such primitive arrangements twelve dollars could not last always, and Miss Mary, at

the Mission school, was one day surprised by a letter—a letter pathetic in its very meagerness, that simply told what 'Cretia was trying to do and the need all about her. Could Miss Mary spare a few books and some Bibles? There were only two Bibles, 'Cretia's own and one other, in all the place.

The reply was a box of supplies, followed a little later by Miss Mary herself. The day of her arrival was warm and pleasant, and the school, which had outgrown its narrow quarters, was holding its afternoon session out of doors. Children of all sizes were seated on the grass or on convenient stumps, while the young teacher, slow still, and very unassuming in her simple earnestness, was patiently trying to teach what she herself had been taught. It seemed to Miss Mary, in the few minutes that she stood there unobserved and unwilling to interrupt, that the hungry heart must have treasured all it had ever heard. Then 'Cretia turned and saw her and caught both her hands with a glad cry.

"Oh, Miss Mary! now my poor scholars will have somebody to tell 'em!"

The same thought was in her face a little later, when as the sun drew near its setting the circle of hearers increased. Men and boys returning from the fields stopped to listen, and a few women came from the cabins and joined the group. That this was the usual custom the visitor soon learned from the comments of those newcomers on the Bible lesson she was teaching.

"Yes'm we'uns heard 'Creshy say that."

"Reckon that's what 'Creshy was tellin' las' week; its pow'rful true."

Miss Mary looked upon them with eyes that saw through a mist. The story of their hard, barren lives was written in the faces turned toward her, and as she turned from them to 'Cretia, so unconscious of self, of toil, and privation, so anxious only that the light should fall on these—she seemed to hear a voice, not of earth, saying: "There are last that shall be first."—KATE W. HAMILTON, *Home Mis. Monthly* (*Pres.*)

OUR CITY MISSIONS IN THE WEST.

MRS. BELLE G. DONALDSON.

(Read at Oil City, Pa., meeting of Lake Presbyterial.)

OUR Western city missions demand and should receive, the support of every lover of our country and our Lord.

Of all the objects that appeal to Christian hearts there is surely none more important or more imperative than that of carrying the gospel to the destitute and neglected of our cities. The extention of the cause of Christ, and the growth and efficiency of our own denomination, are both involved in this great enterprise. Duty and interest should unite and impel us to do our utmost to win the whole land to Christ.

In the discussion of this topic we propose to consider the reasons for establishing Western city missions, the nature and extent of the work being done, and the needs for greater and broader effort. If America be won to Christ, the wider enterprise of foreign missionary work will be linked to it.

For the last half of this century, there has been a great tendency to emigrate West, and our Western cities have grown rapidly. Many have gone for the purpose of increasing their wealth and influence, and in their thirst for gain, God is forgotten and their church obligations sadly neglected. If some earnest and

faithful missionary is in the field to invite them to join in divine worship, will they not more likely be kept in the fold? If the population of our Western cities grows as fast in the future as it has in the past, we shall have power enough there, if rightly directed, to affect the entire human family. We have, in these cities, representatives of many nations and races. Scattered through all of them are hundreds of Chinamen, not a few of whom have been won to Christ, and have gone back to their own country, bearing with them the blessings of the gospel. The same should be true of the Germans, French, Scandinavians, Spanish and Italians who throng our shores. Surely God also means to use the African, trained and converted in this country, for special service in Africa. If we could only arouse to spiritual activity the energies of our western citizens, a few years would produce noble fruitage. Twenty years from now many foreigners may again be in their native lands. If we do our duty to them while here, they may prove to be the best reinforcements to our noble missionaries in planting the standard of King Immanuel in foreign lands.

Besides greatly helping to spread the gospel by having mission stations in these cities of our great West, it will also purify and morally affect their entire population, and hasten the glad day when our sons and daughters can labor anywhere, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with the privilege and enjoyment of Christian companionship.

What is the nature and extent of the work now being accomplished in these city missions? Miss Speer, of Chicago, writes that during the week she visits many needy, cold and careless families, invites them to our church services, prays with or reads scripture lessons to them. Where persons are in need of food, clothing, or any the comforts of life, she reports such at the regular Wednesday evening prayer service, and often receives from different members of the church help to the amount of five or six dollars. The little couplet, "Sympathy without relief is like mustard without beef" is too true.

Miss Speer, or her helpers, write weekly items for the local press, also scatter a great deal of religious literature inviting people to church and to Christ. The young men and the boys of her church have organized a Yoke-fellows Band. They meet every Sabbath evening at 6 o'clock, and after asking God's blessing and direction, start out in many directions, and distribute cards of invitation to their church services, and in this way compel many to come in. Street work is a later feature of their activity. A number of singers, and earnest Christians with a good speaker, assemble about 4 o'clock Sabbath afternoon on a prominent corner, and there in the open air the gospel of Christ is preached with good results. The Lord's cause is earnestly preseuted, in a spiritual way. The young people's and the women's missionary societies are at work each week, helping to bring in persons and support different mission stations in their bounds. How hard it is for many of our societies to meet once a month without doing any work!

Mrs. Nichol, of Seattle, and Miss Stewart, of Spokane, give similar accounts of their work. The latter writes that in the past year she has been instrumental in bringing 80 new scholars into the Sabbath, school, and, through the children's love for the service, the parents are often reached. The Sabbath-school in that time has increased 157 per cent., and the congregation 30 per cent. This is an excellent record for that wicked city. The work in San Francisco and other

Western cities is similar in nature and extent, and we need not give separate accounts.

Many difficulties and hardships meet these faithful laborers. They can often only sow the seed and trust to God for the fruits. One sore trial is that our missionaries are too few in number. They are often required to spend a short time in one city or locality and move to another. Therefore on their return, much of the work has to be done over. The people fall from grace or move away. Constant shepherding is what is needed.

What a change has been wrought in Salt Lake City within late years! It is due largely to mission work done by the churches, and yet our denomination has no representative there, and no one has yet been found willing to undertake the work. Look again for a little at Chicago, with a population almost equal to Kansas and Colorado combined, and think what a work is there, and how few are the laborers? We have now in that city seven organizations, where until recently we had but one. "But the more fountains we have the deeper and fuller will be the main stream." Enthusiasm is only powerful so long as aggressive, and as yet we are only beginning to be enthusiastic. We should become aroused to an active interest in the needs of our own work as a denomination, for the Lord will hold us accountable for our share of binding and "bringing in the sheaves."

What a magnificient support would be given to foreign workers if they could point to those who come from Christian lands, as noble illustrations of Christianity, and their lives such as breathe a living testimony for Christ and His teachings! Let us give our prayers, our deeds and our gold until "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea."

COLLECTORS.

WE hardly see why Paul did not include, in his list of gifted workers, "collectors." We would read, "He gave some apostles, some prophets, some pastors, some evangelists, some teachers, and *some collectors*, for the perfecting of the saints." Paul always commends the collector, as also those who are not slow in forwarding the collection. Indeed Paul was an excellent collector himself. Then, as now, the disciples did not arrive at the perfect stature of men and women in Christ Jesus without the aid of the collector. We have, however, in the olden time, one example, at least, worthy of our imitation, and we have no record that any said scornfully, "money, always money."

The great collection box was put in a place convenient of access to all the people, and an invitation given to bring offerings for religious purposes, and they were brought and deposited therein until no more were needed. Do we need again to be taught that when everyone is his own collector, the offerings will be generously and willingly made? Undoubtedly this is the true idea of benevolent giving. Every man and woman should collect of himself and herself for the Lord's service, that which is due, and offer it willingly. But we can hardly claim that we are all so intelligent and interested in the Lord's work in the world that we have attained to this standard. Hence the collector is a present necessity.

Women have long tried their skill in the social work of the church, and proven themselves capable, in this direction, for

any enterprise of social interest demanding money and work. Shall they not consecrate this culture and gift to the Women's Missionary enterprise?

Let us try our skill upon ourselves, first, by contributing, unsolicited, all we owe to this cause, and then turn collector from those who need solicitation.

Whether self-appointed or appointed by church or circle, the collector should never think of herself as engaged in a menial service. She should never "beg" as one destitute, but go as the servant of of a wealthy and honored king, to collect honest dues from noble tenants, considering it a blessed service to be rewarded by the Master's approval. Enthusiasm born of self-abnegation and intelligence are the essential qualifications of the collector.

A good collector will also be an educator. She will be ready with facts and and figures and arguments by which she will skillfully awaken an interest in Christian missions and lead her sisters to intelligent and enthusiastic giving. We have not done our whole duty when we have given to Christ's cause all the dollars we ought to give, nor when we have offered all the prayer we ought to offer. We must give of the warmth of our love, and of our faith and of our enthusiasm. They will all increase in our own hearts by fully giving them to others.

The collector must set an example of giving liberally according to her circumstances. There are good collectors who cannot give largely, but they all can give liberally. The wealthy women must give largely of their abundance when they ask for the widow's mites.

It must be somewhat evident, too, that her generous giving is the fruit of self-denial. We lose much of the profit and pleasure when we only give that which costs us *nothing*. The collector should educate us to give *wisely*, that our benevolence be not brought into disrepute.

A delicate woman should not overtax her strength that she may have the wages of the sewing girl to give away. But she may have a few less ornaments in her home, a few less adornments for her person, and be just as happy and perhaps be more useful. A busy mother may not continue her work far into the night that she may save for missions, but she may study to take fewer stitches, that she may have time to learn what God is doing in the world, and that she may intelligently join in prayer with those who meet to pray for our missionaries and their work.

Not only are the women to be inspired to reach a higher standard of living and giving; the young, the boys and girls, are to be trained in Christian giving. The pastors and the women must do the larger part of this work, or it will not be done. There are more women than pastors, many churches of women without pastors. Our own children and our neighbor's children are given into our hands to be taught all the Christian graces, not the least of which is that of giving cheerfully, according to our ability, to the cause of Christ.

Know this, my sisters, that there is a great work before us and grave responsibility upon us. Whitened harvests are waiting for the reapers. Abundant material aid is in the possession of the churches at home; women, gifted as solicitors and collectors, the natural educators of the children and the youth, leaders in every good work, fill our church rolls. A large company of self-forgetful collectors, warm in their enthusiasm, intelligent as to missions, patient, earnest and liberal, wise educators, would take our churches as by storm.

The voice of lamentation would cease, God's plan for the redemption of the

world would be rapidly and gloriously advanced. All honor to the self-denying women who meet this demand.—[Mrs. M. E. Benton in *The Helping Hand.*

Budget from Freedmen.

Knoxville College.

The blackened walls of Elnathan Hall still stand a ghastly skeleton. Occasionally the girls walk around it, wondering if it will ever be rebuilt.

Yesterday (Sabbath, Feb. 28), we enjoyed sermons from Rev. Wm. McKirahan, of our Norfolk, Va., mission, and Rev. C. L. McCracken, of our mission at Henderson, N. C. They had been at Tuskegee attending the convention, and returned with Dr. McCulloch and Prof. Millen, who had also been there. They all reported the convention a helpful one. Mr. H. J. Oliver represented our mission at Prairie, Ala., and Rev. C. H. Johnson, our mission at Miller's Ferry.

Knoxville College is holding its own to a remarkable extent, considering the hard times and our crowded condition. We wish to return sincere thanks to the friends in the North who so promptly sent clothing, as well as words of sympathy. Our Bible reader, whose duty it is to open the boxes and distribute to the needy, has been well-nigh overwhelmed with work.

Next Saturday we expect Rev. L. E. Hawk and Mr. A. C. McClelland to begin evangelistic services, and we are praying for showers of blessing. Mr. Cloud writes from Summerfield, Ala:

The minister's class is increasing in interest and numbers. As these are the first Bibles they ever owned, of course they are very valuable, and are regarded as a precious gift. This class meets on Sabbath from 1 o'clock till 2. Sabbath-school opens at 2 and closes at 3. Our attendance during the winter is about 85 to 100. Miss Netherland has 145 enrolled in her room. It being impossible to govern or do anything with such numbers, Mrs. Cloud has taken about 60 into one of the out-houses which can be used only in pleasant weather.

Miss Totten, the sewing teacher at Prairie, writes:

Our work is progressing well. Many have come to us from a great distance. They go home, tell their folks, and bring others to see the school. We have a good deal of sickness—lagrippe, pneumonia measles. Mr. Oliver's little Ralph has measles now, but is better. It is more distressing when we think of the little care taken of the sick. I visited a home last week where three of the inmates were sick; just one small room, fifteen persons in it. We often have to take medicine with us and care for the people, sometimes cook their meals for them..

From Mrs. Johnson at Miller's Ferry comes word of revival:

Our meetings have closed, and I can now find time to write. We held students' prayer-meeting and inquiry meetings during a great part of the day time and then services every night. Part of Saturday and Sabbath afternoons was spent in visiting old persons who were sick, or more especially were not Christians. It is something to be thankful for, indeed, that only four above the third grade in our day school have not accepted Christ. Our Sabbath-school is almost a converted one—a sight we have been longing to behold. Before the organization of the church here, only three out of my class of sixty claimed to be Christians; now, as one of my boys said in praise-meeting last evening. "We can get together and ask God for whatever we want." It is queer to hear the remarks made by many as to the success at this time of the year. One, a preacher, said: "I never learn of folks gittin' de 'ligion in cold weather befo'. If folks git it such weather as us been havin' it mus' de de right stuff." A poor woman begged that we continue to pray for her husband, though the meetings were over, telling most pathetically how by God's help she prayed for him in the presence of her family. He is a gambler, but she said he is becoming serious, and when she kneels down, he tells the children to be quiet, or if they can't they must go out of doors. I wish I could tell you how she said all this; I am sure the tears would fill your eyes as they did ours.

There have been twenty-five additions to our church, twenty-six conversions. We look for more. The Psalms are being taught daily in school. So many stanzas are committed and sung during the hour allotted to Bible study, as well as having the regular lesson. The more I study them, the dearer they become, and the class is ready to tell why these songs are superior to the man-made songs. Many still stay away from Sabbath-school because of denominational prejudice, but when they come to day-school, we do as Lawyer Miller (a R. P.) of Camden, advised, "Fill them with the Psalms" and leave the rest with God.

In many respects, I think the work of the missionary is wasted time or worse, unless accompanied by the gospel. Let them hear the word preached even if no organization can be effected. I care little whether they learn the objective case from the nominative compared with their learning *by heart* that, "Man's chief end is to glorify God." Above all, the needs of my people in this dark land is "the effectual fervent prayer of the righteous," without which the gifts are vain.

Mr. English, who used to live at Millers' Ferry, is very anxious for our Board to begin work at his present home. One of our Knoxville college girls is teaching there, and he says:

We have the best teacher that has ever been in

Sandusky. . . . : I would be very glad to have a church and school too in Sandusky from the United Presbyterian church. If they would like to have a church here, I will become a member of the United Presbyterian church. I think it would be best for me to join that church, as I am all the time trying to work for it.

Mr. English attended our Knoxville Bible school last summer and felt himself greatly benefited. How glad we should be if some of our friends from the North could make it convenient to attend this summer. The school opens June 17, and lasts two weeks. It is to be conducted by Rev. H. H. Bell assisted by members of the College faculty and others. Good board and lodging may be had on the College grounds at $2.00 per week.

The Thank-Offering "Ingathering" —A Word to Leaders.

As congregations throughout the church have in view, at this season of the year, the "Annual Ingathering" of their Thank-offerings, a word of explanation may prove helpful to those who may use the service, "The Spirit of the Thank-offering," used at Erie meeting.

By "Remarks," on first page of this service, it is intended that the leader, or some one previously appointed, shall talk, or read a paper, bearing in a general way on the title. The time given to this should not exceed three minutes.

On the second page, each of the four subjects, "A Joyous Spirit," &c., &c., should be presented by a (three minute) talk or paper.

Two poems are given for recitations; the first, "For what shall I praise Thee?" should be rendered by a young lady, and the second, "Our Glad Thank-offering," by all the Juniors, or by a class of six, repeating one verse each, or in concert. The latter poem has been added since the Erie convention, at the suggestion of the Thank-offering secretary, that *all*, including the children, may have a part.

Any questions concerning this program will be cheerfully answered by the undersigned.

MRS. G. W. MACDONALD.
43 *Nixon St., Allegheny, Pa.*

To Presidents of Presbyterials.

In order to have all the presbyterials co-operating in the work of advancing the interests of the Thank-offering department of our women's work, circular letters were mailed last October to the presidents of presbyterials, asking that Thank-offering secretaries be appointed by the executive committees, and the names and addresses be sent promptly to Thank-offering secretary, of the W. G. M. S. Sixteen presbyterial societies responded to the request, as follows: Lake, Cedar Rapids, First Ohio, Allegheny, Xenia, Beaver Valley, Delaware, Argyle, Garnett, Chicago, N. W. Iowa, Brookville, Philadelphia, Keokuk, Indiana and College Springs. If others have been appointed, the names have not been reported.

Letters giving plans of work have been sent to the presbyterials named, and some of the secretaries already report having entered upon their work, with promises of good for the coming year. Will not other presbyterials soon elect competent secretaries and report names and addresses, so that a Thank-offering secretary may be reported in every presbyterial before the convention meets in Indianola, Iowa, next May?

MRS. MARY CLOKEY PORTER.
Thank-offering Secretary.

The Jerry McAuley mission, "down in Water street, under the bridge," New York City, celebrated its twenty-fourth anniversary recently. The attendance at the mission last year was about 40,000 and more than 2,000 were converted in that time.

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

India.

[Mrs. W. L. Porter, of Gujranwala, India, sends the report of Miss Mookerjee. This esteemed native is well known for her "works' sake" and is supported by one of our churches in Allegheny.]

IN giving a report of my work for the year 1896, I have nothing particular to say except that the work is going on as usual. The following is the result of the annual examination: Two girls have passed the middle examination; ten the upper primary, and twenty-one the lower primary. Out of the ten girls who have passed the upper primary six have obtained a scholarship of Rs. (3), three, p. m., tenable for three years. In the lower primary eighteen girls out of twenty-one got a scholarship of Rs (2) two, tenable for two years. In the infant department sixty-one girls have passed. In scripture examination our girls got Rs (47), forty-seven, as prize.

As last year we now have five branch schools, three for the Hindoos and two for the Mohammedan girls. Out of the last two, one branch is held in our main school. The teacher of this branch also helps in teaching the sewing to some of the classes in the main school. We can not expect good result from our branches this year, as we have lost two of our best teachers. One died and the other left the work. We have employed one female teacher, who has come from Lahore. She teaches all the subjects to the Gurmukhi 2nd class in the main school. We have one senior certificated female teacher, formerly a pupil of our school, who teaches arithmetic and geography in the middle and primary departments. All the other subjects are divided between myself and Mrs. Baneyea. The largest number on roll this year was 406.

In school where all work goes on according to the routine, one can not expect any particular incident, but on that account, we ought not think that there is nothing interesting and encouraging. On the contrary, there are often seen some incidents, the most encouraging and sustaining in their nature, to one who works in this sphere and is often tempted to think that so much work is going on without any result. I am going to mention here a few incidents of like nature.

A certain girl, who left the school more than five years ago, often used to call on me, as do the many other girls too, when they come from their husband's house. Though this girl never showed any especial concern about religion, yet she was a very active listener whenever I gave her any advice. I had given her some religious books and tracts of which she used to read. On one occasion, when she was in school, another girl, who was an inquirer and had asked for baptism, told me, in her hearing, how she confessed before her relatives that she was a Christian. A few days after this the girl said to me, that she had read in a pamphlet about a Brahmin, who had faith in Christ but died without being baptized. So she asked me, "Is it necessary for one who believes in Christ to be baptized? I have no faith in Hinduism, yet how can I come out and receive baptism? My relatives will be glad to see me dead rather than a Christian." Thank God, she has now decided to become a Christian at any cost. Her father and brother being very strict, do not allow her to come to me, but she comes when ever she finds an opportunity.

There is another girl who used to ask of me many things about christianity and her own religion, i. e., Hinduism. After comparing the facts she came to

the conclusion that Jesus is the only way to life eternal. In the meantime the Sikhs started a girl's school in the city and tried their best to dissuade the parents from sending their girls to the mission school. To carry their plan in the most successful manner, they circulated among the girls who can read printed pamphlets having a story of a girl who was driven from heaven on account of Christian faith. These pamphlets caused an agitation among the girls, which led many to compare their religion with christianity, and thus these tracts which were originally meant to stop the gospel preaching, instead of being a hindrance proved to be a blessing, by infusing in many a spirit of inquiry after the gospel truth which was formerly read as a mere reading book. But the above mentioned girl, with tearful eyes, said to me, "Miss Sahib, you cannot realize my position. Up to this I had a firm faith in Jesus, but now my mind is staggering." I explained to her as well as I could, and asked her to pray to God for guidance. A few days after she wrote to me: "Rest assured I believe in Christ as a Saviour, not because of your saying, but because I have found it so."

There is another girl whose father and grandmother are very zealous in their religion. She has also inherited the same cast of mind from them, and is very anxious to know about the way of salvation; hence she always pays great attention when she reads the Scripture, and whatever lesson on morality or on doctrinal points seems to her worthy of notice, she repeats to her grandmother when she goes home from school. The explanations she gets from her in return, while they agree in some points with the scriptures, contradict others, which far from being any help to her, serve to pervert her understanding. The girl having found no satisfaction from such answers, many a time asked me to have a talk about some contradictory doctrines with a certain woman whom her father and grandmother respect much, and whose teaching has much influence on her grandmother. One day her grandmother and that other woman, her tutor, sent for me. Accordingly I went to them and found that woman reading and explaining to an audience of more than twenty women from a book about a certain sage instructing a king how to attain perfect peace and purity. After finishing her speech she asked me to say something. I asked her, "How can we attain this peace and purity about which she was speaking just now?" She replied, "By good deeds which can be attained by self control." I explained to her that it is impossible for the man who was born in sin, and has the original germ of sin in him, to work out his own salvation through his meritorious deeds, and that we are saved through the sin atoning blood of Jesus and sanctified by the Holy Ghost, which can only be attained through faith in Jesus Christ. On hearing this, after some discussion, she said: "Well, what you say is true in many respects. I believe it, but can not act according to it." She and her audience heard from me with patience and asked me to come again. The girl who caused me to go there seemed to have been satisfied by what I said.

Yours sincerely
K. M. MOOKERJEE.

RAM NAGAR, GUJRANWALLA DISTRICT
January 21st, 1897.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—I have not been in this place since writing from here last year; although judging from the heading of my letter, the readers of the Magazine will think I live here.

We are encamped here for a few days,

and it is my turn to write the letter. Thus, not from any planning of my own, I again write from this idolatrous city, with the sound of the bells calling the people to fall down and worship their idols, ringing in my ears.

I read with much interest Mrs. Harvey's account of settling quarrels between husbands and wives, as I myself have had some experience in that line the past year. One thing I have learned, and that is, no matter how much the wife may abuse her husband I must not say anything against him, unless I want the wife's wrath poured out upon my own head. I tried it once, and—well, I do not care to repeat it. In one instance the wife, who was young and silly, treated her mother-in-law badly, and the husband and his father resented it and punished her. and she went to her father's house. The father foolishly took his daughter's part, and the result was a big quarrel, which ended by the husband and father-in-law refusing to have anything more to do with the wife, whose name is Jewan. When the father and daughter had gotten things into that shape, they came to me to straighten them out, and were told to do it themselves. But week after week passed and they said they could do nothing, and time after time begged me to help them. At last, seeing they were not likely to settle it, and knowing the wife ought to be with her husband, I consented to go and talk the matter over with the husband, his father and mother.

For about two hours I talked, reasoned and pleaded, with no result but an irritated throat for myself, as the father-in-law is very hard of hearing. They said the girl's father had disgraced them, and they could not take her back without adding to that disgrace. These people have such queer ideas about "honor."

I felt very sorry, as the girls mother, who has been dead several years, was dear to me and had worried a great deal when living about Jewan, because of her ugly disposition, and she was also one of my Sabbath-school pupils. There was nothing left for me to do but call the wife and make plain to her she had only herself to thank for her forsaken condition, and to remind her of the time she was ill and how her mother-in-law and the whole family had done everything in their power for her comfort and restoration to health. But when she had recovered and her mother-in-law was ailing, and asked her to cook the food in her absence, she did not, but lazily sat around gossiping, and when her mother-in-law returned from work sick and weary, she had to cook the family meal herself. She wept and said it was all true, and that she had done very wrong and wanted to show her repentance. But how could she when they would not have anything to do with her? I then advised her to go alone to them and acknowledge her faults and ask forgiveness, adding I did not think they would send her away if she would do that. She said she could not do that, as it would disgrace her in the eyes of the people. I will not repeat my reply before turning indignantly away.

Afterwards, whenever I would meet her, I would insist upon her following my advice. One morning, about a fortnight afterwards, Jewan's father came to me in a great rage, and said his daughter had terribly disgraced him by going the evening before to her husband's house and falling down at their feet had begged their forgiveness, and was still there. I laughed and said, "Shabash" pronounced as if spelled shawbaugh, which means, well done for Jewan, "and you ought to rejoice that she who caused the trouble has done what none of us could do, settle it."

But he insisted that in this country for a wife to go in that way to her husband's house was considered a *great dishonor* to the wife's family. "But you are Christians, and are not to walk as the heathen do, but according to the teaching of God's Word," I replied. He had been quarreling with his sister and blamed her for Jewan's going back. I told him to let her alone, that I was the one who had advised her to do as she had done, and was thankful she had followed my advice.

About half an hour afterward the father-in-law entered and told how she had asked forgiveness and that they had given it and left her all night, and now he wanted to know what they should do. "Why keep her, of course," I replied, and explained to him how I had urged her going to them in that way, because I saw she was *proud*, and thought that if she would humble herself enough to go alone and ask pardon, she would not give them any more trouble. That pleased him very much. But he said: "There is one thing more. She had a good suit of clothes on when she left us and it is the custom in this country for a wife, when she returns from her father's house, to bring a new suit of clothes with her, and her father has refused to give her any clothes because she left without his permission. "Very well," I said, "if that is all, to stop your quarreling, keep the girl and do your duty by her and I will be responsible for a suit of clothes because she obeyed me in going back."

They kept her, and it has been a great pleasure to see Jewan and her mother-in-law together; they seem so happy. I did not have the money to spare at the time, but, as soon as I could, gave her a suit of plain clothing. She now has a little daughter about two months old. The people here usually prefer sons, but they were pleased because the baby was a girl, as there are no daughters in their family. The husband and his father came to our house to tell me of the happy event, thinking I would give them a present for the baby. I could not, because there are a great many babies having equal claims on me, and if I give to one I must give to all, which would not leave me money enough for my own food. Thus was settled one quarrel which caused me many an anxious hour, because of the stubbornness of all the parties concerned.

A week later I cleared the tent very quickly of Mohammedan women, when it was pretty well filled by reading to them from the Testament, that wives should obey their husbands. One woman spoke of her husband treating her badly. I said, perhaps she was to blame and that is written in God's Word that wives should obey and honor their husbands, etc. Some of them would not believe it was so written and said, putting it in plain English, that I, an old maid, was giving them commands about how to treat their husbands, and were very indignant over it. I replied very meekly: "I know I have had no experience in such matters, but it is written in God's Word, and it is my business to teach that," opening the Testament and beginning to read from it. I hadn't read many verses when they said, "There is nobody in this country obeys that," and hurried from the tent. I called after them, "There is something written for the husbands also," but only two or three waited to hear the commands given to them.

ROSE A. MCCULLOUGH.

All that God blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill,
And all is right that seems most wrong
If it be His sweet will.

FOREIGN NEWS BUDGET.

Mrs. Elizabeth Giffen writes from Cairo, Egypt:

The weather has been quite cool for several days owing to a south wind, It is a rather noticeable fact that our coldest winds in the winter, and our hottest winds in the summer, are both southern breezes. There has been a little rain also, quite enough to make it very unpleasant walking.

Presbytery is meeting at Sinoris in the Fayoom; in consequence of which, all our gentlemen are away. Dr. White was detained for two days, after the opening session, because of Mrs. White's being very unwell, and also because of the loss of their dear little baby, who, last week, after an illness of only one day, was taken to be with Jesus. Dr. and Mrs. White have, with a beautiful trust in the Heavenly Father's love and wisdom, quietly buried their grief, but we love them all the more that they go in and out among us so cheerily."

Miss Anna Y. Thompson writes of distingued visitors in Cairo:

Thursday morning is the time when we have our usual prayer-meeting for women in the Koolalie school. Yesterday was rather an unusual time, for besides a larger number being present than usual, we had the presence of two distinguished tourists, Mrs. S. S. Lewis and her twin sister, Mrs. Gibson, Presbyterian ladies from Cambridge, England. These ladies speak several languages, among which is Arabic, and each one gave a short address at our meeting. These ladies are well-known by their discovery, in the convent at Mt. Sinai, of a Syriac manuscript of the New Testament. They are to leave here to-morrow on their way to Mt. Sinai, their fourth visit. They are brave, learned, Christian women.

Mrs. Watson tells of closing exercises of one of the newer schools;

On New Year's morning I went see the closing exercises for the holidays, of the Girl's School at Fum El Khalig. This school was started during the past year by Miss Smith, but owing to the prevalence of cholera in that district, it was only in session six months. She had provided a little treat for the children and women who attended Sabbath-school, and for the occasion had made the little school-room bright and attractive by a few green branches of palms and some flowers. There were about fifty children and twelve women present, most of them Mohammedans. The children were questioned on the lessons of the last quarter, and gave prompt and correct answers, showing that they not only understood but also remembered what they had been taught in the Sabbath-school.

They also repeated the ten Commandments and portions of scripture, and followed the singing very nicely, having memorized the Psalms sung. The nuts, biscuits and sweets were highly prized, and they went away delighted at having such a pleasant treat. It has been a very difficult thing for Miss Smith to find a room at all suitable for this school for poor children, and even the room now used may be closed to her at any time; but we hope the way may be opened to enable the missions to buy a site for the erection of a small building for a school and services.

Mrs. Harvey writes:

In these days when the eyes and hearts of so many are turned towards Turkey, I think the following iucident will be interesting. The American missionaries in Syria prepared an exposition of the Shorter Catachism, and sent it to Constantinople for the Sultan's seal, as has to be done with all books published by them. This book was returned to them with the sixth and eighth commandments, and all pertaining to them, entirely cut out. Such things do not suit the principles of the Turkish government.

Mrs. Murch tells of work in Benha:

I have just returned from Benha, where I met Dr. Lawrence this moruing. She comes twice a week and spends two hours each time in clinic work. To-day she gave medicine to 13—seven Moslems, five Copts and one Syrian. We have high hopes of her doing a great work among the poor people there.

Our school work in Benha is also very encouraging. The boys school has an attendance of 130. If many more come in I do not know what we will do, as the house now occupied is about as full as it can be. How thankful we would be if we only had a suitable building in Benha for our work there! There are 30 girls in the girls school, more than half of whom are Mohammedans. The most of the girls are bright and seem to like their studies. We hope soon to have work started among the women.

Mrs. W. H. Reed gives news of Zagazig:

Our first impressions of Egypt have been very favorable. The cordial welcome we received on our arrival made us feel at home in the missionary family at once. We are now pretty well fixed in our new home in Zagazig, though we find it rather slow work in a strange place with a servant of a foreign tongue. Our vain attempts to speak Arabic, our signs and motions and sometimes the use of English to express our wants, would doubtless have been very amusing to a disinterested onlooker. The people received us with a hearty welcome, and many called upon us. As our vocabulary is yet extremely limited, the conversation often lags. Some times we "fill up" by pointing to articles in the room and asking for their names.

We very much enjoyed entertaining Dr. Harvey and Miss Thompson over the first Sabbath of January. Dr. Harvey preached for us. After the service an intelligent scribe expressed his desire to unite with the church. On Saturday and Monday, we made eleven calls together; on Monday, just Miss Thompson and myself with the Bible woman. I felt it was a privilege to be initiated into the work by one who has had so much experience and success. I have since gone with the Bible woman alone, as they seem anxious to have me go; tho' I can only say a few words of salutation and often blunder sadly at that. This part of the work impresses me as very important. The Word is thus brought to many who would not otherwise hear it. We have the promise: "My word will not return unto me void."

Miss Carrie M. Buchanan tells of College Commencement at Assiout:

Our annual college commencement, and Pressly Memorial Institute commencement, or public examination, took place last Friday, January 29, the exercises of the P. M. I. being in the morning and of the college in the evening. Both passed off beautifully and did credit to both institutions and the great cause of missions It was quite an eventful day for the Girl's School, for it was the first time in the history of the school that diplomas have been given to the graduating class. It has been so difficult heretofore to get the girls to

remain until they finish their course. But now we feel that a new era has dawned in the education of girls.

Another thing which made the day a triumphant one was the fact that in the evening His Excellency, the Modier, or Moslem Governor, much to the astonishment and delight of all, rose and addressed the large audience, saying that the American Mission (he could not bring himself to say christianity) had, and is doing more for the elevation of the Egyptians than any other agency in the land, and he most highly praised the work we are doing in educating the girls and women of the country. Is not that glorious testimony to the power of Christianity, to come from one who is so high an authority and a follower of Mahomet.?

Mrs. Hart gives a brief item concerning the Khyatt Girl's School:

We had our yearly examination in the Khyatt School, in the first week of January, and after a vacation of ten days began the new year's work with all of the 230 girls, which were with us last year, and about ten new ones. We are looking forward to a public examination, or we would call it, a *school exhibition*, at the first of April.

Miss Dorcas Teas, who went out to Egypt as a hospital assistant to Dr. L. M. Henry, writes as follows:

I have been requested to contribute a few items concerning the new hospital, to the News Budget, which I am pleased to do:

We are pleased to report that work has really begun in the hospital, and this is the ninth day since it was opened to receive patients. We have had three operations—two eye cases aud one amputation. A Moslem had cut off the end of his thumb some time previous, to prevent his being taken into the Government service. The wound refused to heal, and it was finally found necessary to have the whole thumb amputated.

As might be expected we are laboring under some difficulties. The present house, which was secured by Dr. Henry only after the most untiring effort, is not very suitable for hospital purposes; and here let me say, may it please the Lord, whom we serve, to grant us a better place very soon, for is not the work His, and has he not sent us here to be the means of salvation to the souls of those to whom we minister day after day? And should we not be able to work in the best possible way, so that all those who come to the hospital may have no excuse for rejecting the gospel and the great salvation? We have been assured of the prayers of the dear home friends, yet we urge still further, do not forget us at the throne of grace.

I will try to tell you something of the plan of our house. It is a native house, not far from the school buildings. The front entrance opens into a court, twelve or fourteen feet square, on each side of which is a room called by the natives "Mandera." In one patients are received, and in the other visitors. Beyond the first court is another and larger court, from which we can look up to the sky, a sky nearly always blue and beautiful. There are two rooms below on the inner court and six rooms above, also two rooms above the front court. The windows of all the rooms open into the courts and hall ways. Besides these there are three back rooms and rooms on the roof, where the kitchen will be, the cook and his family will live and washing for the hospital will be done. To say that much time, thought and money, as well as labor, has been spent in getting the house ready for use is not the least exaggeration, and even yet we are not in such condition that we would care to invite any of our scientific friends of America, or any place, to inspect the manner in which we work. With the aid of Mrs. Henry and teachers of the schools sufficient bed linen and clothing for patients have been prepared for present needs. The hospital opened with two patients, and at this time, Jan. 29th we have six.

I am unable to express any opinion as to how I am getting along. With such a formidable language before me it seems as though I can never be able to do what I wish to do, but surely the Lord who permitted me to come here can accomplish some thing, even through so feeble an instrument as I am.

India.

Mrs. T. F. Cummings gives news from Gujranwala district:

The holidays found the missionaries in from the district for a little social recreation. Christmas eve the usual tree, with accompanying entertainment, was enjoyed by the crowded house of boys and girls as much as similiar occasions are by children of fairer faces. The Sabbath-school here is a source of great encouragement, as the attendance has steadily crept up to 175 or 200 most of the year. Prizes were given to both teachers and scholars for faithful attendance.

We much enjoyed the short visit with Miss Anderson, who had so recently visited in our homes; and now we are scattered in the district again, Miss Logan returning to Ghakkar to continue her study of native ways and language and to keep up the two Sabbath-schools started out there. Mrs. Murray and Miss McCullough are in camp with us, teaching and visiting the native Christians.

The famine seems very near us now since a man fell dead from hunger not a mile from our house, and the people in their want actually curse God. The winter rains are delayed and the prospect is very poor for their coming in time now to do any good. If bodily want would only lead them to realize their spiritual needs!

One man who last year resolved to keep the Sabbath day as a day of rest, told Mr. Cummings that his field had yielded four times as much grain this year as any other year notwithstanding the lack of rain. He evidently believes God has blessed him for it.

Mrs. D. R. Gordon writes from camp Zafarwal:

I wish it were possible to make camp life as interesting to the readers of the MAGAZINE as it is in reality. We have been out in camp for about six weeks, and in that length of time have made about ten different encampments. So you can imagine about how long we remain in any one place. We don't seem much more than get settled until we are obliged to pack up and leave. However to keep moving is necessary in order that we may be able to visit our Christians in the district before the hot weather drives us into our homes, or houses rather, for to call it home seems scarcely appropriate, since we spend but the smallest proportion of our time in our own houses.

From each place of encampment we aim to visit all the villages within reach. At our last encampment we visited a village about five miles distant, where we found about 75 enquirers, all wishing to be baptized and seeking entrance into the fold of Christ. Mr. Gordon carefully examined the men while the young ladies, Miss Anderson and Miss Dickey, examined the women in order to be sure that they were sincere and understood what they were wishing to do. But night coming on we were obliged to leave this work unfinished and return to our tents. But we expect to move our camp to this place tomorrow and spend several days teaching

and preaching. How I wish you could all be here to see them baptized. To see so many seeking Christ is the one encouragement in our work. We find a great many enquirers in our district, a great many more than we can make arrangements for, in the line of teaching and preaching. Our Christians are many and though they are sincere and earnest and manifest their simple faith in many ways, yet they have very little knowledge. Our faith almost wavers when 60 or 75 are received into the church and we are obliged to leave them uncared for and untaught till we return to them the next year, for Christ's command is not only to baptize, but to teach; Matt. 28:19 20. But our Training schools in Sialkot are doing much in the way of preparing Christian boys and girls for Christian work, and in time we hope to have many efficient workers all over our mission.

A missionary life is by no means an easy one, especially in India where each one has at least three times as much put upon him as he can do. Is it any wonder that our missionaries break down when they endeavor to do all that they see needs to be done in that part of the district for which in a sense, they have been made responsible? We need more missionaries, is the great cry all over our mission field.

Miss Kate A. Hill writes from Sialkot:

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

Would you like to hear of the trials and joys of a new missionary? If I were to tell you of the greatest trial of a new missionary I would say it was in being "new" and being laughed at because you are "new". Whether a new missionary is an ornamental or useful article I have not yet decided. It would be egotistical to say the former, and I am sure we are not the latter. Let me say to all young women who are thinking of becoming missionaries in India: "In planning your outfit put in a good supply of patience and forbearance. Make up your mind to be laughed at and useless, for awhile." To be sure we thought the table servant at Dr. Martin's resembled the table servant at Mr. Caldwell's, but we were not wise to keep this thought in our own mind, but said it aloud and then we were laughed at and told it was the same man. How did we know that when we went out to dinner the table servant went also?

Were we not to blame when we said to put bays on the fire instead of wood, or said we gave our servant a pipe instead of a command? No, indeed; it is this language that has two words so nearly alike that we did not notice the difference until the words were spoken and the laugh begau.

A few weeks ago Mrs. Crowe and I went out to visit in camp with Miss Martin and Miss Embleton. A young man was preaching one evening and we were apparently listening, but our thoughts were not on his sermon, for we did not understand one word he was saying. All at once a sentence of English words was spoken. I fairly jumped with surprise, and then as the stream of Panjabi flowed on we could not recall a single word of that proverb. We were laughed at when we returned to the tent, for that English proverb had been said for our special benefit, and we had been so surprised upon learning it that we lost it all.

We are very fortunate in being located in Sialkot our first year, as we can attend English church service once every Sabbath day.

Really, Hindustani service is a great trial. Just think of sitting for one and a half hours without knowing one word that is spoken. It is very hard to keep your thoughts in India; they will fly back to America and you will find yourself longing for the services of the dear old church at home.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

A MISSIONARY MEETING.

Address of Welcome.—By a Child.

Dear friends, I'm not a woman yet;
I will be by and by,
For so my mother says to me,
When helping her I try.

But if I live to woman's age,
I'll do a woman's part;
I'll work for Christ, I humbly trust,
And give to him my heart.

I'm glad to be with you to-day,
That I may learn just how
Your work is done; for tho' a child,
I want to learn it now.

But first—our Mission Band
Has told me I must say,
That you are all most welcome here,
Within our church to-day.

And more than that, our latch string's out,
In every heart and home;
The best we have is your's to-day,
And we are glad you've come.

You bring to us what you have learned
Of work in mission fields;
You come to talk of what is best,
To get the largest yields.

'Tis now, as when at Jacob's well,
The Savior sat to rest;
To see the Man who knew the heart,
The eager people pressed.

He bade his twelve disciples "Look!"
The harvest fields regard,
All ready for the harvest *now*,
With promise of reward.

Two thousand years have passed, and still
The Master speaks to you:
Behold! how ripe the fields, but yet
The laborers are few.

The fertile fields along the Nile
And Ganges call for men,
To thrust the sickle in, and reap
The sheaves of golden grain.

The light is breaking in the East,
Where China's millions throng;
Revealing ripening harvest fields,
Which must be reaped ere long.

Across the sea there comes a cry,
From Afric's unplowed lands;
Benighted Ethiopia
Is stretching out her hands.

Your field, the world; cast in the seed,
Tho' weeping as you sow;
The Lord will send His plenteous rain,
And make the seed to grow.

Thrice welcome, friends, may Jesus lead
In every thought and word;
May every song and prayer ascend,
From hearts that love the Lord.

May every plan and every gift,
The Savior's love proclaim;
Till all the world shall hear and praise
The Savior's glorious name.

Nor yet forget the fields at home;
The work of God is one.
He gathers grain from every land
That lies beneath the sun. J. F. H.

Who Will Open the Door for Ling Te?

A stupid little Chinese girl! That is what I am.

Some days I am so naughty my grandma says I shall probably be a monkey after I die!

This scares me and gives me a big pain in my heart. I am sure I was born on an unlucky day. They tell me my mother cried a great many tears because I was a girl, and my grandma and father were cross and angry.

I go into the temple and pray the old god to make me over into a boy. Alas! It is of no use.

Sometimes I pray the god to help me to be good so I can be a boy after I die, but I cannot see that he helps me any. I still have my naughty days.

They named me Ling Te, which means "Lead along a brother," but when another baby came she was a girl, too. I heard my father say, "We are too poor to keep another girl." Mother said, "I have had such a hard time I wish I had died when I was a baby; the poor little thing had better die."

She cried a great many tears. Father took the baby away and I never saw her.

After a few years a little brother did come, and that was indeed a joyful day!

I stood by and watched them tie the clothes around his little arms and legs. Day after day he laid upon the brick bed, looking towards Heaven, making the back of his head so flat and nice.

I brushed away the flies and thought how proud we should all be to have him grow up and be a Mandarin and wear a button on his hat and ride a big, black, shiny mule! Of course we shall find a wife for him, and then we shall have a slave at last of our own. I said, however, in my heart's center, "I will be real good to her."

When he was a month old we gave a big feast, and a barber shaved off every bit of his hair. Oh, how pretty his little white head was! His black eyes looked as bright as buttons. They untied his body and it was so funny to see his little hands and feet fly around!

Our guests brought money in big red envelopes and gave him many presents, too.

Grandma gave him a red cap all covered with brass images and looking glasses, because the devils get scared and run away when they see themselves in a glass. They put a chain around his neck and bracelets on his arms to keep the bad spirits away from his heart.

When I said, "Grandma, why do you put a cat's head on his shoes? she said,

"Why, you small idiot, don't you know cats walk safely and never stumble or fall, and I wish the boy may go safely through life and always have a smooth road like the cat's."

Soon after this grandma bought bandages nine feet long, and I heard her say to my mother, "You must bind Ling Te's feet." Mother said, "Oh I dread it, for she will fuss and cry and keep us awake nights."

"You must surely do it," said grandma, in her stern way. "Why, how do you expect to get a mother-in-law for her if her feet are not bound ?"

This scared me, for I have heard some girls say it is terrible to have a mother-in-law. I ran away.

I had to come home at night. Grandma was angry and said, "If you run away again I will send the foreign devils after you; they will dig out your eyes and your heart, and take off your skin, and take you off to America, and after you die you will be a donkey for them to ride." This scared me, of course, and she began to turn my toes under and wind the long bandages around my feet.

Tighter and tighter she drew them, and when I could not bear it and began to struggle and scream and kick she called my father and mother to hold me. I could not sleep that night for the pain.

I can never tell how my feet ached; after a few days they were so sore and lame I could not walk. Once my mother said, real soft and sweet, "Poor child," and that seemed to make me feel a little better.

Now my feet are dead and do not ache so bad and I can walk on my heels pretty well.

I used to see my grandma stitching on some fine clothes, and I said "Grandma, who are those clothes for?"

"For me."

"Why do you make them so fine?"

"Because they are my grave clothes."

"Why ! Are you going to die?"

"Yes."

"Very soon?"

"Who knows? Don't talk about it."

"Why do you put in so much cotton?"

"Because the grave is so cold." When she told me how cold folks are when they die, her old face looked so bad I could not look at her, and it made me shiver. I hope I shall not die!

One day I heard father say, "My venerable mother is getting feeble. I must sell a donkey and buy her a coffin. I know she will feel better if she sees it all ready for her."

The next day our little black donkey was gone, but a fine big coffin came and was placed in the hall. When they lifted up the heavy cover I looked inside. It was painted black and looked big enough for all of us!

We looked in it a long time and said this and that, but grandma only looked once and then hobbled away.

I ran after her and said, "Why, grandma, don't you like your coffin?"

She did not answer me. I heard her say, "Oh, Buddha! Oh, Buddha! It looks so black and lonesome! How can I lie there all alone?" I saw it made her afraid to think of being put in the coffin.

One day my mother put a long brass pin in grandma's hair. "What is it for?" I asked.

"To rap at the gate of heaven with," said she.

All these things made me wonder about death, but when I asked anybody about it, they said, "I don't know," or else they got cross and said, "Don't talk about that; it is not polite."

During the sixth moon, Wen Shan, one of our neighbor's girls, came back from the Peking school. She looked so queer to us! They had taken the bandages from her feet and she walked like

a boy and her feet were nearly as big as a boy's.

I laughed at her because she had followed the foreign devils and had a girl's head and a boy's feet, but often my poor feet ached so I wished, in my heart, that I had boy's feet, too.

At first we all made sport of Wen Shan because she had been off to the Mission School, but she was so gentle and kind we got ashamed to make her feel bad. One day I said, "Why don't you get angry and revile, like you used to do?"

"Because Jesus said, 'Love your enemies.'"

"Jesus? Who is Jesus? Is he your teacher?"

Then she told me a beautiful story about her Jesus. I did not believe it, but I liked to hear it, all the same.

We all liked to look at her doll and the pretty things that came from America, in a box for the school. No one in our village ever saw such pretty things. Everybody went to see her home after she trimmed it up with the bright pictures and cards. She called them "Christmas cards." She says Christmas is Jesus' birthday and the nicest day in all the year. We girls wish we could have Christmas in our village? She says the verses on the cards are Bible verses, and the Bible, she says, is the book the true God has given us to help us to be good and please Him, so we can go to Heaven when we die.

When I told grandma she said, "Ask Wen Shan to bring her Bible Book over here and read to me; I want to hear about her Jesus God, too."

When Wen Shan came I could see that grandma loved to hear her talk about Jesus. Wen Shan seems to love her Jesus, but we are afraid of our gods, and sometimes I think her God must be nicer than ours.

No woman in our village can read. It is a wonderful thing to hear her read as well as the Mandarins! One day she read where Jesus said he was going away to prepare a great many mansions, and he promised to come again for his friends.

Grandma said, "That is very nice for the foreigners."

But Wen Shan said, "He is Heaven's Lord—our Heavenly Father; we are all His children. He loves Chinese just as well as he does Americans."

"Do you think there is a Heaven for *me*, too?" said grandma, and her voice shook so it made me feel very queer in my heart.

"Yes, surely there is."

"But I am nothing but a poor, stupid old woman, and I am afraid he won't want me in his fine mansions," said grandma.

After this I noticed grandma did not burn any more incense to the gods, and sometimes it seemed to me she was talking with some one I could not see.

When the cold weather came she began to cough and grow weak, and one day I heard them say, "She cannot live long." My mother bathed her and put on her fine clothes, and the priests came from the Temple and beat their drums and gongs to scare away the devils that watch for the dying. Poor old grandma opened her eyes and looked so scared I could not look at her!

Mother put the brass pin in her hand and she shut her fingers about it tight.

All at once she said, "Send Ling Te to that Jesus School." Then she went off to sleep. About midnight she opened her eyes and smiled so glad! But she did not seem to see us.

"Oh, Look! Look!" "The door is open." "Oh, how beautiful!" "Yes, it is *my* mansion!" "So big!" "There is room for all of us—I'll go first and wait for you."

Then she folded her hands and went to sleep, and they put her in the black coffin and fastened down the cover with pegs.

I found the old brass hair pin on the floor; I was so sorry for grandma, until I remembered she said the gate was wide open; so I thought she would not need to rap.

After the funeral mother talked a great deal to me about going to Jesus School. One day when my father could not hear she said, "I want to know more about Jesus. I can never read His Bible Book, but you can go, my daughter, and learn, and then you can tell me."

I was very anxious to go, for the cold weather made my feet sore, and I cried every time I changed the bandages. At last my father said, "Oh, well; she is nothing but a girl—let her go. I shall save rice by it." So one day I started out on the little white donkey for the Jesus School. My heart felt big and shaky, but I was glad to go.

It was a long ride to Tsunhua. When we reached there the gate-keeper led us to Miss Hale. She took us into her beautiful room and let us see the Iron Tailor sew, and we heard the organ make its beautiful noise, and then she showed us the Girls' School.

I began to see that I had reached Heaven and looked around for grandma.

The girls looked very happy, skipping around on their big feet, and I was so glad to be there, too. But when my father talked to Miss Hale about leaving me her face grew very sad and she said, "I cannot take her; my school is full! I have already turned away seven girls to-day."

"Why," said I, "You must be mistaken. Grandma said there was room for all of us."

She put her arms around me and said, "Poor child, I am so sorry, but there truly is no room for you. I have asked the kind friends in America to send money to put up more rooms, for it costs one hundred dollars to build a room and thirty dollars a year to support a girl. If they will send it, then I can take you."

This was a far-away hope and did not comfort me much.

My happy heart was turned to iron, and my words and tears were all frozen up together. My father led me away out through the gate.

I did not think the keeper would really shut it in my face, but he did. *He shut the gate of Heaven in my face* and I had not even seen my grandma!

Now I am thinking all the time about those happy girls *inside*, while I am shut *outside*. I often see a hungry look on my mother's face, and she says to me, "Oh, my daughter, I did hope I was going to know about Jesus."

I don't know how to pray to Jesus—I wish I did—but every night I say, "*Please* Jesus, ask your friends in America that have money to send some over here to China—enough to make a place for this stupid child, for, oh, dear Jesus, it makes me feel so bad to be *shut out*."

CLARA M. CUSHMAN.

Suggestions for May Meeting.

Subject.—The Junior Missionary Society—its needs.

PROGRAM.

Sing Bible Song No. 47-1&3; also No. 10-1, 7, 8.

Invocation: Superintendent or one of the leaders.

Scripture light on subject—"Needs." Phil. 4:19 and Heb. 4:16 (to be written on the blackboard, and read two or three times by the society.)

Prayer service. Two or three short prayers by older members, followed by sentence prayers by many of the Juniors.

Scripture Lesson—What Juniors "need" to know 1 Jno. 2:1; 1 Jno. 2:12; 1 Jno. 5:21; 1 Jno. 4:4; 1 Jno. 3:7; 1 Jno. 3:18; Matt. 5:9; Gal. 3:26; 1 Jno. 2:28; Eph. 5:8; 1 Thess. 5.5 and 6; 3rd Jno. 4; Jno. 15:14; Mark 16:15; Acts 1:8.

Recitation, "Work for Little Followers" (fonnd in W. Miss. Mag. May '90, p. 274.

Singing—Solo and Chorus by society. No. 88.

Study Period. (Each leader and her division to discuss the needs of the society and how to meet them.) Short papers on (a) *What* are Junior Missionary societies doing for missions? (b) *Why* are they doing mission work? (c) *How* are they do-

ing mission work?
Leaflet, "The Penny and the Prayer."
Sing 210, 1 and 3.
Native People of the United States, 10th question to 20th question; February Magazine.
Leaflet.—"Little Comers."
Close with united prayer.

Please remember, dear Junior workers, that no program will work out profitably if the different parts are not assigned and carefully prepared before the time of meeting. In arranging for the May meeting explain that it has always been thought that competent leaders and interested mothers have formed the two great needs of Junior work, and while we still think that true, there are other needs which the Juniors can supply, and which they do well to consider. Urge them then to put on their "thinking-caps" and come to the May meeting prepared to name the needs and the source of the supply.

Under the subject given for the first "paper", develop the work of the W. G. M. S.—the different lines of work under its care, the special work of the Juniors for this year, and a short account of the work now going on in the Jennie H. Gillespie memorial building, built by the Juniors last year.

Under the second subject, the command and motive for mission work should be considered.

The third should bring out the methods of work and might be arranged—learn, pray and give.

Always make special arrangement for prayer service. Have definite subjects for prayer and secure promises for prayer, so as to have one follow another promptly. In the Bible reading, assign the fifteen texts to five different divisions, and, at the suggestion of the superintendent, let each division rise and recite three texts.

Two leaflets have been suggested, but there are others just as suitable found in our catalogue of literature under the Junior list, and can be secured from your Presbyterial Literature secretary, or Mrs. E. J. McPherson, 409 Morewood ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Make an effort to have good singing. Make use of all the talent you can secure among the members, and secure as much inspiration as possible from good music.

The above program has been arranged to suit societies that are organized according to the Junior Missionary constitution, but, of course, it can be changed or adapted to others organized as a whole

MRS. M. M. HILL.

EDITORIAL.

Annual Convention.

This number of our MAGAZINE contains our program for our convention in May. Each lady in our church should be interested enough in this to study it, and to pray for its success. In looking over it one cannot help but exclaim, "Can they ever accomplish so much." But what has been done can be again. It is wonderful what a large amount of work is disposed of every year at these meetings. We often think that a body of men would spend twice the time in putting through as long programs as ours are, and yet women are given the credit of being unable to bridle that member which is so hard to control.

Now how is our meeting to be made a success at Indianola? By a faithful performance of duty by our president, her assistants and committees? Yes! By interesting addresses and conferences? Yes. But is that all? No. You as a delegate are now partly responsible for this meeting. Our president has labored long and faithfully; you see the result of

her labors in our program. She has put the cork in the ink bottle; she has wiped her pen; she has closed her desk. The meeting is yours. Delegates, you can help make or mar it.

Let every lady whose name appears in the program; let every officer, every delegate, come determined to assist in making this convention a benefit and help. We can all see what duty devolves upon officers or committees, but let each delegate find *her* duty, and remember, it is as important as that of the president.

A delegate is not to go to Indianola merely to listen. To listen well is an accomplishment, yet more than that is expected and demanded of you. You are to give out as well as to take in. In any honor which may be thrust upon you, in any duty you may be asked to perform, remember you are to accept this honor, to perform this duty, not as an individual, but as representing your presbytery, your church, your society. Do the best you can, do all you can, not for yourself alone, but for those whom you represent.

Remember the meeting is *yours*. Don't wait for a few to do all the work, to make all the motions, to carry on all the business. Be interested enough to do a little of it yourself, and if you don't know how, learn! Much time is saved by promptness in these matters. Much annoyance is saved the presiding officer if motions are quickly made and voted upon. Be ready to make a motion when one is needed, to express your opinions on one, if there is one before you. Talk promptly, to the point, and not too long; and then when the motion is put, be ready to vote, and don't be so uninterested that you tell your neighbor you did not vote because you did not hear the motion.

By paying attention to such seemingly trivial things you are helping to make this convention a success, just as truly as can the president, the treasurer, or the local committee. Come then prepared to do your duty.

One of our correspondents writes:

"I certainly think it would be uplifting to all who are in any way making ready for the next General Meeting to know they have the prayers of all our women.

I know not how much the women (as a whole) of our church have the General Missionary Convention that is to meet at Indianola, Iowa, next May, in mind, and would ask the women who assemble monthly, whether it be "the Women's" or the "Young Women's Society" to offer special prayer for all delegates, officials especially—the president and any who may take part on that occasion—that the Holy Spirit may guide them in all their preparations so that God's name may be glorified as never before. Nor would I have them forget the Thankoffering; may it be unequalled in amount and in the spirit in which it is given. Blessing now will make success then.

Erie, Pa. E. H. W.

Programme, Women's General Missionary Society, Indianola, Iowa, May 11-14, 1897.

TUESDAY, 7:45 P. M.

Mrs. T. H. McMichael, Second Vice President presiding. Devotional service.—The Bible Portrait of a Christian Woman. Fraternal greetings. Address. Roll Call. Reception.

WEDNESDAY, 9 A. M.

Morning worship.

9:05—Report of Committee on Credentials; roll call; minutes; appointment of committees.

9:25—Report of Secretary of Women's General Missionary Society.

9:35—Report of Treasurer of Women's General Missionary Society.

9:45—Report of Secretary of Women's Board.

9:55—Report of Treasurer of Women's Board.

10:05—Report of United Presbyterian Women's Association.

10:30—Season of prayer.

10:35—Report of Secretary of Literature. Discussion.

10:50—Report of Magazine Committee. Discussion.

11:10—Report of Church Extension and Parsonage fund. Discussion.

11:30—Reports of standing committees,

11:50—Business Methods in Church Work; Mrs. R. A. Munford, York, N. Y.

12:00—Adjournment,

WEDNESDAY, 1:45 P. M.

Devotional Service.—A Consecrated Church and Missions; Mrs. Martha J. Hart, College Springs, Iowa.

2:00—Minutes.

2:05—Review of Work Among the Freedmen; Dr. Jane C. Vincent, secretary.

2:30—A Testimonial to the Work; Mrs. Nannie D. Fowlkes, Bluestone mission.

2:50—Review of the Work of Home Missions; Mrs. H. C. Campbell, secretary.

3:15—Address, "Our Indian Mission;" Mrs. Jeanette C. Alter, Preston, Ill.

3:35—A Fact Conference; Mrs. Lyda B. Stewart, Sparta, Ill., presiding.

4:00—Open Hour.

5:00—Adjournment.

WEDNESDAY, 7:45 P. M.

Praise and responsive service. Our Thank-offering. Review of Ten Year's Work; Mrs. Mary Clokey Porter, Allegheny, Pa.

THURSDAY, 9:00 A. M.

Devotional service; Mrs. W. T. Moffet, Arkansas City, Kan.

9:15—Roll Call. Minutes.

9:30—Review of Work in the Foreign Fields; Mrs. W. J. Reid, secretary.

10:00—An Hour With the Missionaries; Mrs. Milla Meek, Sandusky, Ind., presiding. Opened by Miss Susie Young, Grundy Center, Iowa.

11:00—Reports of committees on nominations, place of meeting, etc.

Election of officers and members of Women's Board.

12:00—Adjournment.

THURSDAY, 1:45 P. M.

Minutes.

1:50—Children in the Psalms; Miss Julia Jamieson, Wildomar, Cal.

2:05—Review of Work Among the Children; Mrs. N. Wylie Stevenson, secretary.

2:35—Conference of Children; Miss Zilpha A. Lackey, Washington, Ia., presiding.

Children in the { Home, (1) / Church, (Intermediate) (2) / College. (3)

(1) Mrs. G. G. Wallace, Omaha, Neb.

(2) Mrs. E. B. Stewart, Chicago, Ill.

(2) Miss Bertha I. Collins, Tarkio, Mo.

3:15—Practical discussion.

3:45—Service with the Juniors; conducted by Miss Lou Moore, Indianola, Ia.

4:00—Open hour.

5:00—Adjournment.

THURSDAY, 7:45 P. M.

Bible Study—Serving God; Colorado Presbytery. Minutes. Offering.

Training for Christian Service; Mrs. Albert Gordon, Burlington, Ia.

Our Incentives to Serve; Mrs. Jennie Logue Campbell, Monmouth, Ill.

FRIDAY, 9:00 A. M.

Divine Light for Human Footsteps; Mrs. Bina C. Hawley, College Corner, Ohio.

9:15—Roll Call. Minutes. Unfinished business Report of committee on resolutions.

10:00—Gleanings from this convention; hints for the next. Adjournment.

DEAR SISTERS:—

The program of the next General Missionary Society is before you. With its publication the responsibility of the committee in a measure ceases. The success of the meeting rests not only with those whose names appear on the printed program, but also with the greater number who attend as delegates, or remain in their homes. Unless God's Spirit be in the midst, our meeting will be in vain. Will you not, dear readers, unite your prayers daily with those preparing for this convention, imploring God's guidance in the preparation of every thought that shall be presented at that time? Pray that the work for the Master may be discussed in a way that will reflect honor to His name. Pray that this may be one of the blessed meetings, where each shall feel the Master's touch and receive new life and strength for further service.

If you expect to attend the convention *study* the program, that you may be prepared to participate in every service. If you must remain at home, through its study get into the spirit of the meeting and send some thought for the Fact Conference on Home Missions, or some question pertaining to the work of children, or any suggestion the Spirit may prompt you to make, that all may have the benefit of that which the Holy Spirit lays up on your heart.

OLIVE L. KENNEDY.

A missionary in Africa writes of the long and tedious journey to the inland station. She found the mission house to contain one glass window, the other of unbleached cotton. The walls were tinted gray—not to say mud color, and the beds being provided with umbrellas, to keep off the borers, showed what had to be contended with. The closing words were that all the gloom came from this side of the world to which they look for support. Our missionaries might perhaps say the same, with the mission treasuries in such a depleted condition. By a little more self sacrifice on the part of each church member this might be corrected. If the rich and those in comfortable circumstances would give of their abundance, and everyone would give something, the Lord's work would not be hindered.

We do not usually associate anything so advanced as woman's rights with Syria, but one little incident this year showed us that even here a woman can leave the beaten track of tradition occasionally and still retain the respect of her neighbors. It was the case of a female muleteer, a strong, hearty, wholesome kind of a woman, who brought three of our pupils to the seminary last fall from their village home. A month or so later she came again with messages and letters from their friends, and the ecstatic joy with which these little girls flung themselves upon their beloved muleteer, was something not soon to be forgotten by the interested spectators.—*Ex. letter from Syria.*

Death of D. R. Johnston, M. D.

It is with sorrow that the many friends of Dr. Johnston have learned of his death, which occurred on Feb. 20th at his home in Aledo, Ill. He was the son of the late Rev. J. B. Johnston, D. D., and a brother-in-law of Rev. Robert Stewart, D. D., of our India mission. He served as medical missionary in Asyut, Egypt, 1868–1878, where his medical skill, accompanied with his fluency in the Arabic, gave him a strong hold on the people.

Since returning home, he has been abundant in labors for the Master, as attested by those associated with him. He will be missed in the church and community, and we unite with many friends in loving sympathy to Mrs. Johnston, and son, and others near and dear.

The Misses Wilson and their friends are undertaking to endow a bed in the Good Samaritan Hospital, Jhelum, India, in their mother's name. It will require $600. Of this sum $241 have been raised or promised, and more than half of it remains. If any individual or society wishes to give a contribution, however small, to this endowment, it will be thankfully received. The contribution can be sent to Miss E. J. Sloan, 5170 Liberty ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. or to Miss C. E. Wilson, Xenia, Ohio.

The Boards have sanctioned the endowment of this bed, to be known as the "Martha Ellen Wilson" bed, and Dr. Sophia E. Johnson has designated one in the maternity ward beside the one she and her brothers are endowing in memory of their mother. The circumstances of the separation of Dr. Johnson and the Misses Wilsons from their mothers were similiar. Dr. Johnson was about to return to her home in India, when her mother was taken, and the Misses Wilson were on the point of returning to America, and all their mother's plans were made for receiving them, when she was called to the better country. Of the sum already donated to the Martha Ellen Wilson bed, the brothers and sisters gave $100; an uncle, $100, and $41 has been received by sub-

scription. The Boards have granted the Misses Wilsons permission to ask for contributions to complete the necessary $600 when delivering addresses, but naturally it touches them too tenderly to allow them to do so, and we take pleasure in presenting the matter through the MAGAZINE.

The account of Dr. Thos. Lawrence's work among the Mountain Whites of Asheville, N. C., will be enjoyed on its own account, and that enjoyment will be enhanced, as it enables us to keep in touch with Dr. Lawrence who gave a daughter to our Egyptian mission when Dr. Caroline Carle Lawrence went out to Tanta, last autumn.

Welcome, new missionary societies—Muncie, Indiana, Youngstown, Ohio, and Roxbury, Mass.

The books of the Treasurer close on April 15th.

PROGRAMME FOR MAY.

The Auxiliary Missionary Society.—Its Needs.

"Lord, What Wilt thou have me to do."—Psalm 100

1ST PART.

Prayer—For a blessing upon our society; that each may see her personal duty and be led to fuller devotion to the service and cause of Christ.

Scripture Selections—Ps. 27;14; Gal. 6:40; James 5:19, 20; Dan 12:3; Rev. 2:10, 26; John 15:7; Phil 4:67.

Prayer and Praise.

Open conference. Question, Why are other organizations more successful apparently than Women's Missionary societies?

Paper—What is the relation of our Auxillary to the General Missionary society.

2ND PART.

Conversation—What our Auxiliary needs? 1st, Prayerful preparations for the monthly meeting; 2nd, personal effort; 3rd, patient perseverance with those who will not become members.

Secretarys report: A statement might be given as to present membership, attendance and interest; also the number of women members of the congregation not identified with the society. Reasons might be cited and considered—why so many of the members stand aloof from the society.

Treasurers report: A similar statement as to contributions and condition of treasury, and plans considered for an advance in this direction.

An energetic Magazine Committee, or secretary of literature, should be in every society, who should make a thorough canvass each year to solicit subscriptions and introduce the literature of our church. A report from this secretary would be valuable.

Remarks: "I am of the opinion that every woman who belongs to the church should be considered a member of the missionary society; that just as soon as her name is entered upon the church role, she becomes a member of the society without further parley. I would have neither admission fees nor monthly dues, but let each one give as she is able. As to the programmes, I would like to emphasize the three M's.—Maps, Magazine and Music. If the women of our church once become informed, they will be interested; if they become interested, they will want to be informed. Carefulness, earnestness, devotion cannot, with God's blessing, but arouse an interest which it is the society's work to focus and centralize."

For information on different points we recommend our leaflets—A model Auxiliary, 2 cts; How to Organize; Why our Society did not Disband, 3 cts., etc.;

found also in Missionary Magazine, June 1896, paper by Mrs. S. A. Rogers, Why am I a Member of the Missionary Society; How to Make the Monthly Meetings Interesting and Profitable, Mrs. Elmina Gordon, April, 1894.

Work of the Presbyterian Church in the Mountain Regions of the South.

REV. THOS. LAWRENCE, D.D.

* * * The Southern Presbyterian church has done something in this field, and would doubtless do more were she not crippled for means. Our work practically began with the organization of a boarding school at Asheville, N. C.—the "Home Industrial school" for the training of the poor white girls of this mountain region, the providential occasion of which was a visit of the writer to the neighborhood of Asheville, some twelve years ago, during the summer vacation. At that time he was the guest of Rev. L. M. Pease, who is known the country over as the founder of the famous Five Point mission in the city of New York. Riding with him one day, he expressed a desire to hand over his valuable property, consisting of a spacious dwelling house, substantial out buildings, with thirty-three acres of land, constituting one of the most beautiful suburbs of the famous mountain city, to be held in trust for the industrial and Christian training of the poor white girls of Western North Carolina.

Through the instrumentality of the writer, Mr. Pease was brought into communication with the Board of Home Missions of the Northern Presbyterian church, resulting in the transfer of his estate in fee simple to the Board, subject a life annuity for himself and wife.

The school was speedily organized under the Woman's Executive committee, auxiliary to the Home Mission Board, and its history for the past ten years has been one of beneficent work and achievement. Hundreds of young lives, which else would have been blighted by ignorance, have been brightened and gladdened, lifted into self help and refined Christian womanhood. Provision is made for the training of the hand, head, and heart. The pupil is taught to cook and sew, to care for a home from cellar to garret, as well as the elements of a good English education.

Encouraged by the success of their first school, the Board felt justified in planting others, four of which, like the Home Industrial, are boarding schools; seven or eight are simply primary schools for day pupils, in all of which the industrial and Christian features are made prominent.

One of the boarding schools is agricultural, and for boys, in which they are taught all that they ought to know of the reclaiming of waste lands, raising cattle, fruits, grasses and grains, with the mending of tools, including the elements of a good English education and careful Christian instruction. It remains but to speak a word of the Normal and Collegiate Institute, Asheville, N. C., of which the writer is president, and, in addition, superintendent of the Home Industrial School, of which mention has already been made. This school is now in its fifth year. It is of a higher grade and for a different class of pupils than those who are chiefly beneficiaries of the lower schools. A considerable per cent. of those in the Normal and Collegiate Institute pay their own way, or rather the first cost of board.

Some eighty needy and deserving young women receive free board and tuition. Our principal work is the training of teachers, and our normal course is fully organized, including thorough instruction in the best methods of teaching, with a year's experience in the

school of practice. We have also a commercial course, through which the pupil may be fitted for office-work, and a department of domestic science, in which the pupil is taught to draught, cut, fit and make garments and millinery; also to bake bread and biscuits, and to cook a meal in the most economical and appetizing manner. The pupils also have the whole care of the school home and do all the household work, with the exception of the mopping of the floors. They are not only fitted for teaching and office work, but to preside over a home and to be mistress of a house.

The first hour of each day is given to the systematic study of the Bible by the whole school. "We know of no institution where the pupil could be placed under circumstances more favorable for her physical, intellectual and moral development." Such was the language of a distinguished gentleman who recently visited our school. It has become one of the institutions of the State, and in acknowledgement of the service it is rendering to the cause of the industrial, efficient and Christian training of teachers, the Legislature, by recent enactment, exempted the graduates from its Normal department from further examinations at the hands of local authorities when applying for schools.

We have spoken of our mission school work, as it is here that all permanent and successful evangelistic work must begin, among such a people as are found in this mountain land. An intelligent people is as essential to the existence of the Presbyterian church as is an educated ministry. As yet our church work in these parts is inconsiderable, confined, as it is, to six or seven missionary churches and three or four preaching stations.

REPORTS, Etc.

March Report Women's Board.

Regular monthly meeting held March 2; special meeting, 16th.

Foreign secretary reports, from Dr. Barr, two young lady applicants for the foreign field; reports a legacy left by a young lady of Conemaugh presbytery, the interest to be paid to the endowment of the Jhelum hospital in India. This fund at present amounts to $4,241. Suitable investment is ordered for that money.

Freedmen's secretary reports from Camden, Ala., that the new school building and teachers' home at that point are to cost $3,566. Reports of the industrial work at Knoxville, Henderson, Chase City, Bluestone and Prairie, Ala., give number of yards of material used, garments made, and balances in the treasuries of the sewing departments.

Junior missionary secretary reports having sent blanks for the annual report and a circular letter to presbyterial Junior secretaries. Number of new subscribers to new paper during the past month, 375, making a total of 1671 to date. A committee was appointed to publish the paper. Six new societies reported.

Literature secretary, January report; balance on hand from sales, $32.93. February report; balance on hand, $44.32.

Church Extension secretary made a report of notes due; amounts on loans paid, $507.20.

Quarterly report of treasurer of Magazine Committee, showing a balance in treasury of $625.94, was received and on motion adopted.

Board treasurer, receipts for February, $2,617.30; disbursements, $4,244.41.

MRS. M. W. PORTER, Sec'y.

Notice.

We wish again to call attention to the fact that the leaflets given as reference in connection with the programs are kept on sale by the Presbyterial secretaries and the general secretary, Mrs. E. J. McPherson. No leaflets are given that the general secretary has not in stock.

Treasurer's Report.

Receipts for the month of February, 1897.

Foreign.—Stevensburg, 3; Philadelphia, West Ch., 10; Milton, Ont., Canada, 10; 1st Chicago, 10; Plaingrove Y. L. to India, 5; to Egypt, 5; 1st Cleveland, 10; New Lisbon, 5, 1st Des Moines, 4; Fairview, 1.50; Beaver Y. L. M. S., 10; 1st New Castle for Egypt, 30; Oak Grove, 2; Mt. Jackson, 10; Red Oak Junior M. Soc. 5.

Foreign Specials.—Sharon for Armenians, 5; Ryegate Y. P. S. C. E. for Bible woman, 12.50; Scroggsfield for native Bible reader, India, 66; Rushville S. S. class of Anna M. Davidson, for boy India, 8; 4th Allegheny W. M. and Benev. Soc., Bible reader Gujranwala, 100; 2nd Allegheny Willing Workers, on salary, 10.

Foreign Salaries.—Miss Mary Lawrence, Arkansas Valley, Pres, 43.50; Colorado Pres. 22.50; Miss McMillen, Rock Island Pres., 13; Miss Spencer, 2nd Mercer, 42.50; Miss C. E. Wilson, Keokuk Pres. 34.50; Des Moines Pres., 70; Miss Fannie C. Martin, O. Y. P. C. U. of Conemaugh Pres., 32; Miss Hill by Miss Jane K. Dunham, of Wellsville, O., 15c; Miss Smith, Kansas City Pres., 34; Miss J. L. White, Beaver Valley Pres., 300; Miss Hogg, 2nd Allegh' Y. P. Soc., 75; Miss Mary R. Martin, Mansfield Pres., 64; Miss Young, Col. Spr'gs Pres., 12.50.

Endowment of Beds in Jhelum Hospital India.—Mahoning, Beaver Valley, Pres., Junior M. S., 2; Oil City Ju. M. S., 5; Emsworth Jun. M. S. 5; memory of Martha Ellen Wilson by her children, 100.

Medical Work Egypt.—Miss Jane K. Dunham, Wellsville, 150.

Home and Salaries.—Stevensburg 4; 1st Chicago, 15; South Argyle, 25; East Liverpool, 10; 1st Des Moines, 4.50; Knoxville, Ia., 8; Kansas City Pres. 5; Ryegate 25; 1st New Castle, 5; Beaver Falls, 5; Rocky Spring, 15; Oak Grove, 2; Mission Creek, 5; Emsworth, 15; 5th Allegheny, 25; Mars, 14; Mansfield, 10; Clarinda, 10; Indian Creek, 7.

Warm Springs Indian Mission.—Oak Grove, Beaver Valley Pres., 5; 1st Pawnee, 20.

Freedmen's Salaries, etc.—Milton, Ont., Canada, 10.55; Welda Willing Workers for Canton Bend, Ala., 3; Aledo, 8; Rock Valley, Ia., Y. L. M. S., 10, for Henderson: 1st Mercer Junior M. Soc. for Camden, Ala., 3; Knoxville College Dressmaking Department, 10:55; 1st Cleveland, for Prairie Bluff, 6.40; East Liverpool, 10; Mrs. Nanna J. E. Martin, 5; Monroe, 5; Greeley Jr. C. E., 5; Concordia, 5; Kansas City Pres. for Knoxville, 5; Beaver, 10; Beaver Falls, 5; Rocky Spring, 10; Oak Grove, 2.20; 1st Pawnee, 8; 1st Allegheny L. H. M. S., 25; Mansfield, 15; Tingley Junior M.S. for Knoxville, 2.

Little Girls' Home Tennessee.—5th Allegheny, Y. L. A. S., 25; Clearfield, 3.

Church Extension and Parsonage.—Denver, Col., Boulevard Ch., first payment on note two, 66.60; Mt. Washington on second note, 50; Dexter, Ia., on note, 6; Davenport, 6; Rock Island, 12; Boyden, Ia., last payment on third note, 24; Spokane, first payment on fourth note, 82.40; Colorado Springs, on fifth note, 100, also Colorado Springs L. M. S. on interest, 6.25; 1st Cleveland, 10; Goldfield, Ia., on note, 33.30; Seattle, 3; Coultersville, second payment on first note, 26.50; Oakland, Cal., on note two, 69.40, Findlay, rent, 52; Oak Grove, Beaver Val. Pres., 7; 1st Alle. L. H. M. S., 25; Sewickly, 5.

Ministerial Relief.—Oak Grove, 3.

Orphan's Home Allegheny.—Oak Grove, 2.

Memorial Hospital Allegheny.—Oak Grove, 2.

Aged People's Home.—A friend, Tarkio, 5; Plain Grove Y. L. M. S., 2; Oak Grove, 2.

Pittsburg Syrian Mission.—Monongahela Presbyterial Soc., 58.

E. J. SLOAN, Treasurer.

Two Far West Societies.

WILDOMAR, CAL., Feb. 17, 1897.

DEAR MAGAZINE:—

We have two societies away off here in Riverside County, Cal. The older one of nine years is Wildomar, and the other, two years old, is Grand Avenue. Mrs. J. A. Henderson is President of Grand Avenue, and I am president of Wildomar society. We are eight miles apart, and the meetings are held the first Thursday and the second Thursday of each month.

The ladies of Grand Avenue have in charge the services and Sabbath-school held at the schoolhouse there. The attendance and interest are good. Growing in numbers, they are letting their light shine in their zeal for the Master.

At Wildomar our ladies sew frequently to help the busy mothers, besides attending the regular meetings. The children are brought along, so no one is kept at home. Sympathy and willingness are manifest; the spirit of prayer pervades our meetings.

I wish you could have been at our missionary tea, held recently. People came as far as nine miles, a personal invitation having been given to all. In the form of toasts and responses the work of the church and the missionary societies was thoroughly discussed and presented. As we sang "Now blessed be Jehovah God," the people came to the basket in the center of the room, and the free-will offering sang too.

Trusting you will not think my letter long, I am

Yours In the Work,

LOUIE C. JAMIESON.

Mrs. Eliza J. Allen.

A tribute of love from the Ladies Missionary Society of Bloomington, Ind., to the memory of Eliza J. Allen, who was called home suddenly New Year's morning, Jan. 1, 1897.

In the sudden death of Mrs. Allen we feel sorely bereaved. Our hearts are made sad indeed, and while we feel that we have lost a faithful and willing member, we extend sympathy to the sorrowing friends. We feel that she is happy in the reward of her Master; therefore,

Resolved, That we bow in humble submission to the will of our Heavenly Father, who has said, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

Resolved, That the solemn warning of her sudden death admonishes us all, giving new emphasis to the words of our Saviour, "Be ye also ready; for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not."

MRS. CHERRY,
MRS. PINKERTON, } Com.

Miss M. J. McKown.

A tribute of love and respect from the Women's Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian church, of Walton, Kansas, to the memory of Miss M. J. McKown, (sister of our President, Mrs. Taggart), who was called home so suddenly Jan. 30.

In our society the name of Aunt Mattie had become a very familiar and dear name. Her influence on the children was very striking, and her talks to them has left a lasting impression on their young minds.

Now since her earthly work is finished, and she has gone to enjoy her reward, we desire to express our high appreciation of this departed sister. Of her it could truly be said, "To know her was to love her," and her works will be a living monument to her memory. Therefore

Resolved, That in her death we have lost a true friend. Our loss is her gain, and she is doubtless realizing the fulfillment of the promise, "They that are faithful unto death shall wear the crown of life."

Resolved, That we bear loving remembrance of her presence end prayers while with us, her instructiev talks in our church, of the work so desr to her. We bow in humble submission to the

will of him who "doeth all things well," and will endeavor to follow the example she has left us. May we so live and do, that it may be said of us as of Aunt Mattie, "She hath done what she could."

MRS. GRADLE,
MRS. GUTHRIE,
MRS. WILSON. } Com.

Mrs. Mary S. Littell.

The W. M. S. of the 7th U. P. church of Pittsburg has again been called to mourn the loss of one of its members, Mrs. Mary S. Littell, who died at her home, 5204 Butler st., December 24, 1896.

We desire to bear testimony that Mrs. Littell was an honored, conscientious and faithful member of our society, one who was always deeply interested in whatever pertained to the advancement of the Master's kingdom.

Seldom absent from her place in the congregation, the Sabbath-school, or our meetings, her prayers and her words were a comfort and solace to the cast down.

In our bereavement let us bow submissively to the will of Him "who doeth all things well." May those who remain be stimulated to more earnest zeal in the cause, endeavoring to follow her example in so far as she followed Christ.

To the sorrowing sons we desire to express our sympathy and commend them to the care of the loving Father who has said, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

Mrs. W. E. Shaw.

A tribute of loving remembrance from the Ladies Missionary Society of Fredericksburg, Ohio, in memory of our president, Mrs. W. E. Shaw, the wife of our beloved pastor, who died January 14.

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to call from our ranks our beloved leader and friend,

Resolved, That we bow in humble submission to the loving hand that has stricken us so deeply, knowing our loss is her eternal gain. By her sincere Christian life, patient suffering and triumphant death, she has set an example worthy of imitation. The peace of God which she enjoyed in life sustained her in death, and with a smile she passed through the gates into the city.

Resolved, That while we deeply feel our loss as a society and as individuals, let us see in it a call to greater consecration and zeal in the Master's work.

Resolved, That we extend our sincere sympathy to the bereaved husband and sorrowing little daughter in their unspeakable loss, and commend them to our Lord who is so ready to bind up the broken hearted. We pray also, that the God of all consolation will continue to bestow on them His comforting grace. COM.

Mrs. Nancy J. McFatrich.

Preamble and resolutions on the death of Mrs. Nancy J. McFatrich, which occurred on December 11, 1896, at her home in Red Oak, Iowa.

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Supreme Master of the universe, in His allwise providence, to call to rest our kind and loving sister, Mrs. Nancy J. McFatrich, and

WHEREAS, In her demise the "silver cord has been loosed and the golden bowl been broken," and our society has lost a kind and consistent member; the husband and daughter, a loving wife and mother, and community a dear friend, therefore,

Resolved, That we, as members of the Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian church of Red Oak, Iowa, do hereby desire to record our tribute to her memory, and while bowing submissively to the will of God, mourn her loss from among our number, and the loss sustained by her family, to whom we extend our heartfelt sympathy in their hour of trouble.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved husband and daughter, and to the Women's Missionary MAGAZINE for publication, and that they be spread upon the records of our society. COM.

Mrs. Rebecca A. McCrea.

The Women's Missionary Society of Oskaloosa, Ia., desire to record these loving thoughts in memory of one of our members, Mrs. Rebecca A. McCrea, wife of Ruling Elder, Porter McCrea, who was called suddenly to her eternal home, February 3rd, 1897.

As members of this society we feel that we have lost a cheerful, willing and devoted worker, one who was seldom missing from her place in the church, in the Sabbath-school, or in the missionary society, always an efficient helper in whatever work undertaken in the Master's cause. But in a moment, without a note of warning, the clay tabernacle was tenantless and the soul had passed into the great eternity. It is ours to rejoice that she has entered upon an incorruptible inheritance of life supernal.

MRS. J. L. GILMORE,
MRS. F. L. BAER,
MRS. E. S. STEPHENSON } Com.

Mrs. Anna Weller.

A tribute of respect of the Young Ladies Missionary Society of Sugar Creek, O., to Mrs. Anna Weller, who died Jan. 27, 1897.

God who doeth all things well has called her home, which admonishes us to be also ready, and calls us to greater activity in the Lord's service.

We extend our sympathy to the husband and friends, and commend them to the care of Him who said, "Let not your heart be troubled." COM.

Mrs. Jane Reynolds.

A tribute of love from the L. M. S., of Henderson, Ill., to our beloved friend and co-laborer, Mrs. Jane Reynolds, who died Nov. 26, 1896.

We desire to express our sorrow, and to bear testimony to her high Christian character. We should emulate her example of faithfulness and willingness to serve the Master. Her presence will be greatly missed in her home, the church and the missionary society. Always ready for any work, she was also ready for the Master's call to "come home."

But the memory of one so faithful to her trust, so kind and cheerful, lives on. We would comfort the hearts of her loved ones with the assurance that in all their afflictions, He is afflicted, and as a father pitieth his children, so doth the Lord pity them.

ANNA SAMPLE,
MARGARET RAY,
M. N. ACHESON. } Com.

Mrs Thompson Crawford.

A tribute of love from the Ladies Missionary society of Cedarville, O., to the memory of Mrs. Thompson Crawford, who fell asleep in Jesus, Feb. 10th, 1897.

Mrs. Crawford was an untiring worker in the church, a loving and efficient teacher in the Sabbath-school, faithful in attendance in the prayer-meeting, and, as long as health permitted, always in her place in the missionary society. In her last illness she was most cheerful and ever ready with a word of encouragement for others. Surely the spirit of the Master was hers.

Resolved, That while we miss her cheerful presence, her words of helpfulness and untiring zeal, we feel our lives will be purer and better because of her having been with us.

Resolved, That we extend our sympathy to the bereaved husband, aged mother and sorrowing friends, and commend them to Him who has said, "I will not leave you comfortless."

MRS. W. M. BARBER,
MRS. DR. J. O. STEWART,
MRS. R. F. KERR. } Com.

Yours, with Christian sympathy and love—

M. J. McKown